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THE  
FURMETARY.

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THE  
FURNETARY.

THE - 34  
44-  
FURMETARY. -

A Very

Innocent and Harmless

P O E M.

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In Three CANTO's.

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L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms-Inn*,  
in *Warwick-Lane*, 1699.

THE

# FURNETARY.

A

Innocent and Harmless

O. E. M.

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NEW YORK

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**T**H E Author of the following Poem, may be thought to write for Fame, and the Applause of the Town, but he wholly disowns it ; for he writes only for the Publick good, the Benefit of his Countrey, and the Manufacture of England. It is well known, that Grave Senators have often at the Palace-Yard, refresh'd themselves with Barley-Broth in a Morning, which has had a very solid Influence on their Councils ; It is therefore hoped that other Persons may use it , with the like success. No Man can be Ignorant, how of late Years Coffee and Tea in a Morning has prevail'd, Nay, Cold Waters have obtain'd their Commendation, and Wells are Sprung up from Acton, to Islington, and cross the Water to Lambeth. These Liquors have several Eminent Champions of all Professions.

B

But

## The Preface.

*But there have not been wanting Persons in all Ages, that have shewn a true Love for their Country, and the proper Diet of it, as Watergruel, Milk-Porridge, Rice-Milk, and especially Furmetry, both with Plumbs and without; to this end several Worthy Persons have Encouraged the Eating such wholsom Dyet in a Morning, and that the Poor may be provided, they have desired several Matrons to stand at Smithfield-Bars, Leaden-Hall-Market, Stocks-Market, and divers other noted places in the City, especially at Fleet-Ditch; There to dispense Furmetry to Labouring People, and the Poor, at Reasonable Rates, at Three-half-Pence, and Two-Pence a Dish, which is not Dear, the Plumbs being Considered.*

*The Places are generally stiled Furmetrys, because that Food has got the general esteem; But that at Fleet-Ditch, I take to be one of the most Remarkable, and therefore I have stiled it **The Furmetry**: And could easily have had a Certificate of the usefulness of this Furmetry, signed by several Eminent Carmen, Gardiners, Journey-Men-Tailors, and Basket-Women, who have promis'd to Contribute to the maintenance of the same, in Case the Coffee-Houses should proceed to oppose it.*

## The Preface.

*I have thought this a very proper Subject for an Heroick Poem, and endeavoured to be as smooth in my Verse, and as inoffensive in my Characters, as was possible. It is my Case with Lucretius, that I write upon a Subject not Treated of by the Ancients; But the greater Labour, the greater Glory.*

*Virgil had a Homer to Imitate, but I stand upon my own Legs, without any support from abroad, I therefore shall have more Occasion for the Readers favour, who from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the description of other Furmetaries about this City, from*

His Most

Humble Servant,

**And per se And.**

0.015 at 300 °C



I

THE  
FURMETARY.

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CANTO I.

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NO sooner did the Grey-Ey'd Morning Peep,  
And yawning Mortals stretch themselves from sleep,  
Finders of Gold were now but newly past,  
And Basket-Women did to Market haft,  
The Watchmen were but juft returning home,  
To give the Thieves more Liberty to Roam,

C

When

*The Furmetary.*

When from a Hill, by growing Beams of Light,  
A stately Pile was offered to the Sight;  
Three Spacious Doors let Passengers go through,  
And distant Stones did terminate their view :  
Just here, as Ancient Poets Sing, there stood  
The Noble Palace of the Valiant *Lud*,  
His Image now appears in *Portland* Stone,  
Each side supported by a Godlike Son.  
But underneath all the Three Heroes Shine,  
In Living Colours, drawn upon a Sign,  
Which shows the way to Ale, but not to Wine.  
Near is a Place enclosed with Iron-Bars,  
Where many Mortals Curse their Cruel Stars,  
When brought by Usurers into distress,  
For having Little, still must Live on less ;  
Stern *Avarice* keeps the Relentless Door,  
And bids each Wretch Eternally be Poor.

Hence

## The Furmetary.

3

Hence *Hunger* rises, dismally he Stalks,  
And takes each single Pris'ner in his Walks :  
This Duty done, the meager Monster stares,  
Holds up his Bones, and thus begins his Prayers.  
Thou Goddess *Famine* that Canst send us blights,  
With Parching heat by Day, and Storm by Nights,  
Assist me now, so may all Lands be thine,  
And shoals of Orphans at thy Altars Pine ;  
Long may thy Reign continue on each shore,  
Whereever Peace and Plenty liv'd before ;  
I must confess, that to thy gracious hand  
I Widows owe that are at my Command ;  
I Joy to hear their Numerous Childrens Cries,  
And bless thy Power to find they've no supplies,  
I Thank thee for those Martyrs who would flie,  
From Superstitious Rites and Tyranny,  
And find their fullness of reward in me.

But 'tis with much Humility I own,  
 That generous favour you have lately shown,  
 When Men that bravely have their Country serv'd,  
 Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd,  
 And are prefer'd to me, and shall be starv'd.

I can, but with regret, I can despise  
 Innumerable of the *London* Cries :

When Pease, and Maccarel, with their Harsher sound,  
 The tender Organs of my Ears confound ;  
 But that which makes my projects all miscarry,  
 Is this Inhuman fatal *Furmetary*.

Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of *Fleet*,  
 With Spoon and Porringer, and Napkin Neat,  
 A Faithless *Syren* does entice the Sence,  
 By Fumes of Viands with she does dispencc  
 To Mortal Stomachs for rewarding Pence.  
 Whilst each Mans earliest Thoughts would banish me,  
 Who have no other Oracle but thee.

C A N T O II.

W Hilst such like Prayers keen Hunger would advance,  
Fainting and Weakness threw him in a Trance.

*Famin* took Pity on her careful Slave,  
And kindly to him this Assistance gave.

She took the Figure of a Thin Parch'd Maid,  
Who many Years had for a Husband staid;  
And coming near to Hunger thus she said;  
My Darling Son, whilst Peace and Plenty smile,  
And Happiness would over-run this Isle,  
I Joy to see, by this thy present care,  
I've still some Friends remaining since the War,

In spite of us, *A.* does on Venifon feed,  
 And Bread and Butter is for *B.* Decreed ;  
*C.*, *D.* combines with *E.*, *F.*'s generous Soul  
 To pass their Minutes with the sparkling Bowl,  
*H.*, *I.*'s good Nature from his endless store  
 Is still conferring Blessings on the Poor,  
 For none, except 'tis *K.* regards them more.  
*L.*, *M.*, *N.*, *O.*, *P.*, *Q.* is vainly great,  
 And squanders half his substance in a Treat ;  
 Nice Eating by *R.*, *S.* is understood,  
*T.*'s Supper, though 'tis little, yet 'tis good ;  
*U.*'s Conversation's equal to his Wine,  
 You sup with *W.* when e'er you Dine.  
*X.*, *Y.*, and *Z.* hating to be confin'd,  
 Ramble to the next Eating-House they find.  
 Pleasant, good Humour'd, Beautiful and Gay,  
 Sometimes with Musick, and sometimes with Play,  
 Prolong their Pleasures till the approaching Day.

## *The Furmetary.*

7

*And per se And alone as Poets use,*

The starving Dictates of my Rules pursues ;

No Swinging Coachman does afore him shine,

Nor has he any Constant place to dine,

But all his Notions of a meal are mine.

Hast, hast, to him, a Blessing give from me,

And bid him Write sharp things on *Furmetry* ;

But I would have thee to *Coffedro* go,

And let *Tobacco* too thy business know,

With Famous *Teedrums* in this case advice,

Rely on *Sagoe*, who is always wise.

Amidst such Counsel banish all despair,

Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair :

*That project which they Furmetary call,*

*Before next Breakfast time shall surely fall.*

D 2

This

*And*

*This said, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a Wind  
Had long within her Body been confin'd;  
Thus Hercules when he his Miſtreſs found,  
Soon knew her by her Scent, and by her Sound.*

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CANTO

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CANTO III.

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**H**Unger rejoyc'd to hear the blest Command,  
That *Furmetary* should no longer stand ;

With speed he to *Coffeedro's* Mansion flies,

And bids the pale-fac'd Mortal quickly rise ;

**T**O Arise, my Friend, for upon thee do wait,

Dismal Events and Prodigies of Fate !

'Tis break of Day, thy Sooty Broth prepare

And all thy other Liquors for a War,

Rouse up *Tobacco*, whose delicious sight,

Illuminated round with Beams of Light,

To my Impatient Mind will Cause Delight.

E

How

# The Furmetary.

How will he Conquer Nostrils that presume  
 To stand the attack of his Impetuous Fume,  
 Let Handsome *Teedrums* too be call'd to Arms,  
 For he has Courage in the midst of Charms ;  
*Sago* with Counsel fills his wakeful Brains ,  
 But then his Wisdom Countervails his Pains ;  
 'Tis he shall be your Guide, he shall effect  
 That Glorious Conquest which we all expect :  
 The brave *Hectorvus*, shall Command this force  
 He'll meet *Tubcarrio's* Foot, or which is worse,  
 Oppose the fury of *Carmanniels* Horse.  
 For his Reward, this he shall have each day,  
*Drink Coffee, then strut out, and never pay.*

It was not long e'er the Grandees were met,  
 And round *News-Papers*, in full Order set,  
 Then *Sago* rising said, I hope you hear,  
*Hungers* advice with an Obedient Ear,

## The Furmetary.

II

Our great design admits of no delay,  
*Famine* Commands, and we must all Obey ;  
That *Syren* which does *Furmetary* keep,  
Long since is risen from the Bands of Sleep,  
Her Spoons and Porringers, with Art display'd  
Many of *Hungers* Subjects have betray'd ;  
To Arms (*Hectorvus* cry'd :) *Coffeedro* stout  
Issue forth Liquor from thy scalding Spout,  
Great *One-and-All-i* gives the first Alarms,  
Then each Man snatches up offensive Arms.  
To Ditch of *Fleet*, Couragiously they Run,  
Quicker than thought, the Battle is begun :  
*Hectorvus* first *Tubcarrio* does attack,  
And by surprize soon lays him on his Back ;  
*Thirso*, and *Drowtho*, then approaching near,  
Soon overthrow two Magazines of Beer.

E 2

The

The Innocent *Sirena* little thought  
That all these Arms against her self were brought,  
Nor that in her defence the Drink was spilt  
How could she fear that never yet knew Guilt !  
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plumbs  
She does *dispenſe*, (with Gold upon her Thumbs)  
Virgins and Youths around her ſtood ; ſhe Sate,  
Invirion'd with a Wooden Chair of State.

In the mean time *Tobacco* ſtrives to Vex  
A numerous Squadron of the Tender Sex,  
What with ſtrong ſmoak, and with his ſtronger Breath  
He Funks *Basketia*, and her Son to Death.

*Coffeedro* then with *Teedrums*, and the Band,  
Who carry'd ſcaiding Liquors in their Hand,

Throws

Throws Watry Amunition in their Eyes,  
On which *Syrena's* party, frightn'd Flies:  
*Carmannio* Straight drives up a Bulwork strong  
And Horse opposes to *Coffredo's* throng.  
*Coladivio* stands for bright *Syrena's* Guard,  
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;  
*Carmannio* then to *Teedrum's* Squadron makes;  
And the Lean Mortal by the Buttons Takes  
Not *Teedrum's* Arts *Carmannio* could beseech,  
But his rough Valour throws him in the Ditch:  
*Syrena*, tho' surpriz'd, resolv'd to be  
The Great *Bonduca* of her *Furmetry*;  
Before her Throne Couragiously she stands,  
Managing Ladlesful, with both her hands.  
The Numerous Plumbs, like Hail-shot flew about,  
And *Plenty* soon dispers'd the *Meager* Rout.

So have I seen at Fair that's nam'd from *Horn*  
Many a Ladles blow, by Prentice born ;  
In vain he strives their Passions to assuage  
With Threats would frighten ; with soft words engage ;  
Until thro' Milky Gauntlet Soundly beat,  
His Prudent Heels secure a quick Retreat.

*Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

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*THE END.*

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